

The Evening World

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THE CAMPAIGN OF BLUFF.

One feature of the coal strike which has not escaped the attention of newspaper readers is the continuous attempt by trust organs to deceive the public by mendacious assertions regarding the attitude of the men and their intentions.

Day after day and week after week for more than a month we have had headlines announcing that the strike was "nearing the end," that the "end was in sight," that the miners were "preparing to return to work," that mines were "to be opened Monday," &c., &c., just as we had been told at an earlier date that the presence of troops was all that was needed to insure the reopening of the mines.

All of these statements have been proved to be lies by the testimony of fact. Work has not been resumed, the miners have not returned to work—as the operators themselves admit—there is no indication of their returning to work, the operators are unable to obtain other miners to take the places of the strikers and the end of the strike is as far off to-day as it was three months ago. There are no more signs of yielding on the part of the men than on the part of the operators.

The campaign of bluff undertaken to deceive the public and to dishearten the miners has signally failed. There is now no other way out of the deadlock than by an agreement between the strikers and the operators. This agreement can be reached only in one way—by ARBITRATION.

Arbitration is the only solution of the strike difficulty.

Critical Audience.—Perhaps among the sailors of Gloucester's fishing fleet, watching the naval manoeuvres, there was a Paul Jones wondering at things and planning how he would do it. The commanding officers had a critical audience observing their seamanship.

UP-STATE MORALS.

From the beginning of the racing season Saratoga has kept up a pace in gambling never before known in the country and never approached in any other country in its open and reckless disregard and defiance of law of decency and public opinion. Nowhere in the world, civilized or uncivilized, would such a riot and orgy of gambling be permitted under a system of law pretending to forbid all gambling as that which now pursues its mad career unchecked and unrebuked at Saratoga.

It is a scandal, a disgrace to the State, a disgrace to Gov. Odell, to the Attorney-General, and above all to the county authorities who are perfectly willing to have Saratoga converted into a hotbed of vice and debauchery for the sake of the dirty dollars it brings.

But the point to which we wish to call attention is that Saratoga is one of those up-State highly moral counties which insisted on saddling the metropolitan city of New York with a set of puritanical blue laws for the protection of its morals.

Going Too Far.—We have got accustomed to stories of street beggars with large bank accounts, but when they turn highwaymen, as they seem prepared to do on slight occasion, they discredit their profession. Why are they tolerated?

THE REAL NEW YORK.

In a sermon yesterday evening an over-zealous clergyman of this city declared that in spite of a reform administration New York was "never viler than it is to-night."

As the reverend gentleman had previously remarked that "Democracy is permeated with poisonous exhalations from the lower levels," that "Republicanism is rapidly oozing out from the Republican party," that "it would take a strong microscope to discover the reform" in Mayor Low's reform administration, and finally that "our society is rotten in some senses from top to bottom," he was evidently more anxious to get into the papers than to adhere to facts.

As a matter of fact, however, New York was never more cleanly than it is to-day, and never was there less drunkenness and disorder than at the time of the misguided preacher's onslaught. We repeat what we have said before, that of all great cities in the world New York is morally the cleanest.

SUNDAY LAWN TENNIS.

The tennis champion, Larned, and the former champion, Wrenn, spent yesterday practising on the Casino courts at Newport. Only Sabbatarians will seek to criticize, though Larned was doing away from home what public sentiment would not permit him to do in his native Jersey town.

The point is that if Newport, to which we look for manners and for a discreet observance of conventionalities, if not necessarily of morals—if Newport, where our highest society congregates, sanctions Sunday lawn tennis why does New York find it incumbent on its moral character to arrest small boys for Sunday baseball? The small boy has the excuse denied the swell, that it's his only opportunity. The arrest of the Protector and the Fordham boys early in the season and the subsequent arrest of other baseball playing boys elsewhere in and around the city show that we are not quite so enlightened as Newport as to the innocuousness of outdoor sports on the day of rest.

THE TELEPHONE VOICE.

A voice and nothing else, said the contemptuous Roman. He knew not "Central's" dulcet soprano. Soft words over the wire from her lovely larynx have ravished many masculine ears. Now they have won a husband in the case of Ada Thompson, the siren of the Port Washington, L. I., switchboard. Charles L. Knapp, the railroad agent at the village, had frequent occasion to use the telephone and was charmed by the gentle feminine voice that answered him. The exchange of business messages led to other messages less important to the world but more so to sender and receiver. Then vocal endearments, a courtship by wire "sight unseen" and finally, after meeting, a formal engagement of marriage. And now they are one and receiving the congratulations of their friends.

No one need wonder. A voice ever soft, gentle and low in ordinary womanhood attains an irresistible saccharinity of tone when conveyed over the wire to the tympanum of man. Perhaps the electric current refining it makes it superfluous. Few there be who can resist its enchantments and had Knapp been one those who knew him as unmoved by the superior concord of sweet sounds would have marked him as a suspicious character.

The Funny Side of Life.

JOKES OF OUR OWN.

THE VACATION HYMN.

I saved my pay for thirty weeks.
Just for two weeks to go
To places that each townsman seeks.
Where ocean breezes blow.
But, oh, in what disastrous way
I found what I did seek!
The ocean-breeze place blew my pay
In something like a week.

APPROPRIATE.

"He is marrying her just for her money. What ought I to give them?"
"Why not a golden-wedding present?"

UNRECORDED HISTORY.

"You carry Caesar and his fortune," observed Julius Caesar to his horse as that noble animal plunged into the Rubicon.

"Well," observed the sagacious quadruped, as the waves swept over them, "if those fortunes are in stock, they are being well watered."
And he so far unbent as to indulge in a horse laugh.

BORROWED JOKES.

A GENTLE HINT.

"This is a good bill," said the lobbyist.
"Why won't you vote for it?"
"I have conscientious scruples that prevent me," replied the legislator.
"Come off! When did you ever get those things?"
"I've always had conscientious scruples against doing something for nothing."—Philadelphia Press.

EQUALLY EFFICIENT.

"What care I for gold or silver," said the proud beauty.
"Your sentiments are eminently practical," answered Miss Cayenne. "Get some steel or copper stock and the gold and silver will take care of themselves."—Washington Star.

WORTH CONSIDERING.

"There is one thing I have noticed that is well worth considering."
"And what is that?"
"That it is rarely the single men who lead the double lives."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

MATTER OF GEOGRAPHY.

"How often does the earth have a revolution?" asked the teacher. "What part of the earth?" inquired the pupil.
"What part?" "Yes, if you mean in the United States, every twenty-four hours, but if you mean in South America they have 'em often."—Philadelphia Record.

"TENDERFOOTS."



The way the Colorado crowd did up John W. Gates and Mitchell, Blair and Lambert was a caution to the fates. The four Chicago "Tenderfoots" got treatment that was cruel. And they found that Robert Osgood was no Colorado fuel.

ODDITY CORNER.

A NEW GAS.

A Cleveland scientist claims to have discovered a process whereby he can extract a chemical gas from ordinary air which will be both cheap and useful as a fuel.

COCHINEAL.

Seventy thousand cochineal insects go to a single pound of dried cochineal. The world's crop of cochineal is from 300 to 500 tons.

WOOD.

Green wood contains fully 65 per cent. of water, and thorough seasoning usually expels but 35 per cent. of this fluid.

A FLEET-FOOTED TEAM.



Miss Orpha Kurtz, the eleven-year-old daughter of Jacob Kurtz, of York, Pa., is the proud owner of the novel team shown in the picture. Deuce and Dawn are fleet-footed young greyhounds that were broken to harness three years ago. They pace or trot at the will of their little driver, convey her to and from school, and take her on shopping tours.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

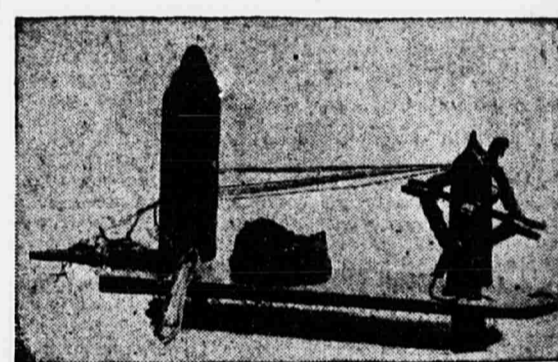
ELECTRICAL FARMING.

The agricultural district of Hanover, Germany, has witnessed a remarkable growth during the past few years in the use of electric current for agricultural purposes. There are at present 48 villages, representing a population of 37,500, connected to the tramway mains of the local railway. The greatest demand for power is for the driving of farm machinery, threshing machinery, pumps, hay presses, straw cutters, &c. Where a local system of electric mains already exists supplying a trolley or factory the occasional demands of the farmer can be profitably catered to, but if a special system had to be installed it could hardly be made a paying investment. This results principally from the fact that the consumption of power is very spasmodic, and it is not for any great length of time. The same applies to its use for lighting, as the farmer and his family naturally retire early and rise early, thus cutting down the time during which lights are usually burned.

"PARADISE LOST."

One of Milton's biographers says that nearly twenty years elapsed between the sketching out of the plan of "Paradise Lost" and the completion of the work. The actual labor of composition was condensed into two or three years.

A PRIMITIVE LOOM.



Of late archaeologists have been devoting much attention to primitive modes of weaving. One by which only narrow bands or ribbons could be produced persisted in the Black Forest, East Prussia, the Frisian Islands and other parts of Germany until within the memory of persons now living. A few of the old looms are in existence. This one was found in the Black Forest with the warp still on it as the housewife had left it half a century ago. The warp is wound on a reel and passes through a board in which small holes alternate with long slots so that half the warp remains stationary while the other half can be raised and lowered to allow the passage of the woof or gill.

THE BRUTE!



She—Beauty is only skin deep.
He—Why don't you consult a good dermatologist?

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.



Pelican to Crane—How is your sick patient getting on?
Crane—Oh! He got on all right, but when I showed him my bill he nearly croaked.

ALL IN THE FAMILY.



He—How proud and haughty that pretty Miss De Smythe carries herself.
She—Yes, she probably inherits her imperative bearing from her father. He was formerly an apartment-house janitor.

THE WAY TO DO IT.



Smudge—Say, Smear, there's D'Auber, the society artist. They say he's a failure, but he looks prosperous.
Smear—Yes; he wrote a textbook for art students.

TRUE SYMPATHY.



Tom—Why so melancholy, old man?
Jack—Miss Jones rejected me last night.
Tom—Well, brace up. There are others.
Jack—Yes, of course, but somehow I can't help feeling sorry for the poor girl.

LEFT OUT.



She—I want a ticket for the matinee.
He—Sorry, ma'am, but we got nothin' but single seats left.

THE BOWERY GIRL'S SOUL.

Owen Kildare Tries Poetry on "The Party" in the Moonlight on the Hudson.

Listen!
I have been up against all sorts of games and know that, whether of the 400 or of the four millions, a fellow has to fit himself some way to make a hit at a social function.
And that is where I fell down!
I got stuck for two tickets for a moonlight on the Hudson; but The Party, instead of getting mad at me for being so easy, thought it wouldn't be so bad to take a sail after a hot day, provided I'd stay with her and keep away from the lower deck, where the breezes come in glasses.
There are some who say I like nothing so well as corned beef and cabbage, but that's a mistake.
Sure, I eat it and have even eaten so much of it that I am ashamed to meet a cow face to face for fear of being reproached; but my long suit is poetry.
And all you got to do is to look at any book of poems and you will find that those long-haired fellows can rave about nothing as fine as about moonlight.
I have said time and time again that The Party is the finest ever, but I had never seen any romantic business about her, and was determined to show her the beauty of it on this occasion.
"Step gently, sweet, and let me guide you to yon bower, where zephyrs of the evening will play a gladsome frolic with your tresses. The night!"
"Oh, let's sit down under that canvas."
"That's the place I meant, sweet."
"Well, why didn't you say so? What's the matter with you, anyhow?"
"Ah, let's take speedy flight from our daily toil and travail; let our souls commune with each other, and bathed in fair Luna's dancing sheen, let us soar on to realms!"
"Say, ain't you feeling well to-night? I want to know what's the matter with you."
"Oh, sweet, the murmur of your voice is song, the anthem of our love. Whisper again!"
"You better quit your kidding or I'll shake you."
My poetic soul, hurt to the death, crept back into its shell, and I asked her to have a glass of soda.
"It's about time you had sense."
"Where's your soda-sweet?" she asks me, when I returned, doing a little kidding of her own at the same time.
"I can't carry two glasses, so I had mine below."
"Yes, I guess so," she says, and the little wise guy knew the whole story. "Well, I'll forgive you this time. Maybe them Looney zephyrs made you dry. Now sit down, and let's talk."
"Yes, pillow your head upon my"—
"Oh, cut that out. Let's talk sense."
And now I don't know if there is no poetry in The Party or no sense in the poets.
Well, I had to come down off the funny horse with the flopping wings and we talked sense, which in this case was real sense.
The Party has about a dozen claims staked along the Hudson, where—some day—we intend to have a little shanty of our own.
"We don't want nothing fancy!"
"No marble halls with lofty columns!"
"No," and a sharp glance was shot at me from her dazzling orbs: "Just a little house like. And then we may grow a few potatoes and cherries and bananas!"
"A few coconut plants would look nice."
"Well, we could have them, too, and we'll have!"
"Hold on a minute! To plant too much on such a small plot would stifle the growth of some of the trees, and there must be plenty of room for the sweetest plant of them all. It bears no fruit, but it is beauty and beautifies everything about it. Apples, bananas, cherries, what care I for them as long as I have my beautiful Rose!"
Before she could utter the usual "Oh, go on!" for which the little mouth was shaping itself, something happened which made it die away to a muffled gurgle.
And then she has the nerve to tell me she doesn't care for poetry.
If, after we get hitched, you should see any pineapples or coconuts from the Hudson in the market, just think of The Party, the marvelous, agricultural conjurer.

A TALL POLICEMAN.



Popular Police Officer E. Vought Burke, of Asbury Park, N. J., measures 7 feet in his stockings, and with shoes and helmet close to 8 feet.

RAG-TIME FIFING.



Prof. Fernin Cooley, of Scottsdale, Pa., has discovered a "fan movement" for fifers. The performer holds the pipe in his left hand while he plays. With the right hand he fans the air above the instrument in such a way as to give added impetus to the notes as they leave the fife, and sends these jarred sound waves forth to the listeners with odd effect.

EGYPTIAN COTTON.

Egyptian cotton is being introduced in Texas, and promises to revolutionize the cotton industry of the South. It is said to be much more desirable than the cotton raised in the United States now, and is even better than the sea island cotton. The Egyptian cotton has much longer fibre than our cottons, and its seed can be removed so easily that it is not necessary to cut up the cotton in ginning it.

TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

1,884,151 and 705,738.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Kindly inform me what is the population of the cities of Berlin and Hamburg.

To End the Strike.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
In the interest of the public cannot the Government condemn the coal lands of the scene of the strike, take possession of them for a price and operate them for the benefit of the people? The question of coal supply is one that concerns all the people, collectively and singly. In all cases in which advantage to the public is to accrue, property necessary for the carrying out of any scheme for the public benefit is condemned, appraised and seized for the

purpose, and as the matter of coal is vital to the business, the health and the life of the people, why carry the same policy be employed in this case? Mining land of all kinds is the one thing now remaining in the hands of private parties that, with its carrying plants, should be in the control of the State or of the general government. Sledge hammer blows about selfishness and greed will do no good; but enlisting the law governing the condemnation of property might solve the problem. S.

Another Advisor.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I notice that some poor unfortunate has been deformed by beauty. He signs himself "Victim" of Portchester. He says the admiration of girls bothers

him. It seems to me as if he is in danger all the while. Why, suppose some recruiting officer should see him; he would be immediately struck with admiration at seeing such a well-formed man out of the foremost ranks. I suppose innocent girls are also infatuated. I think he is the man who should have captured Harry Tracy. He could then wear a beautiful medal upon his modest chest. I pity him.

HUMBLE.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
In Arizona there are deserts of waste sand that have never been of any use to mankind until now. No water excepting one river running through the centre of the desert. Men have built

canals from the river through the desert, and that part has become a beautiful garden; the most fertile land in Arizona. The waste desert represents the world. The one great river running through the centre owned by a few men, who make enormous profits by selling the water to the poor inhabitants of the desert. It has been proposed by some that canals be made from the river and thus supply all the people with water. But that the men who own the river strenuously oppose, as it would take away their profits. Also! Owing to the power and weight of a few men the channels through which might flow to all people the water of this great river have never been built.

GILBERT L. LYON,
Little Falls, N. Y.